

MY OLD SPELLING BOOK.

In an unfrequented corner, in the garret dark and dusty,
One day I came across an ancient friend
By chance.
Time had wrinkled up his features, and his
coat was worn and rusty.
But I recognized him at a single glance.
And a flood of recollection rushed and ed-
died over me.
And a panoramic vision of boyhood passed
before me.
As I tenderly and carefully the morris and
cobweb shook
From the comrade of my school days—my
long-backed spelling book.
On an aged-colored fly-leaf, in a schoolboy
hand, was scrawled,
The injunction: "Read not this book, my
bosom friend."
And the "bosom friend's" attention was
particularly called
To the fact that "the fellows would surely
be his end."
If he looked to the tempter, and the hon-
est path forsook,
By parting from his owner his blue-
backed spelling book.
With its modest "ash-ah" and its meek
and lowly "Ah!"
In some twilight "pithiness" and Scrip-
tural "Zerubbabell."
Gleaming through its well-thumbed pages
I caught a painful recollection
Of the day I managed "general" with a
"y."
And of how I donned the dunce-cap for a
season of reflection
On the sin of spelling "coland" with a
"y."
While memory, with distastefulness, brought
to mind the teacher's frown.
The sarcastic smirk of Jolly Jones on the
day he cut me down;
Of how Kate Ross smiled on him and
sifted her lip at me.
Just because I thought "Kentucky" had its
share in a "y."
Ah, had my old-time comrade, in the years
forever vanished,
You have raised me trials and tribula-
tions sore!
But from my remembrance there shall
nevermore be banished
The winter's day that I obtained the
floor.
And by a happy blunder, spelled correct
your hardest word.
From which met the pedagogue, in a little
speech, inferred
That the time was surely coming when to
conquer I'd be bound.
And "astonish all the natives" by becom-
ing president.
From the dark and dusty garret, where for
years the mice have revelled,
I will place you in surroundings more re-
fined.
And though with wrinkled features, and a
coat somewhat discolored,
Your familiar face will always bring to
mind
The wonderful, happy years, when no low-
ering clouds of sorrow
Mingled troubles of to-day with dark fore-
bodings of to-morrow.
And when the brightly shining eye and
the cheek with healthy glow
Marked the merry-humored schoolboy of
youth, to years ago.
—Y. C. FROST, in Golden Days.

On the Hurricane Deck

THE OTHER passengers had gone
below to the stuffy staterooms,
only to lie on heated pillows while the
monsoons did their worst.
It was 11 o'clock. Long ago the fat
barber and the head waiter had taken
their gutters and cracked voices into
the fray.
The Louisiana planter gave several
vigorous and audible yawns; then he
too, went down to his quarters.
The Martha B. Adams slowly and per-
sistently pulled along upstream with
her cargo of sugar and molasses and
an itching humanity.
The hot day had reluctantly surren-
dered to the night, and now the
monstrous banks of the Ohio looked cool
and dreary in the moonlight.
"It's too hot to try to sleep," said the
girl in the White Pique.
"Don't apologize for staying. It isn't
nearly so hot as you think. I've been
up here for an hour. This is the last night, you
know."
"Yes, I know," said the girl thought-
fully.
The man put his chair with its back
against the guard-rail. He could see
her better now.
The moon shone full in her hair.
Now and then her white hand flashed
in the moonlight as she brushed back
a stray hair.
She laughed merrily. "It isn't a
tragedy, is it?"
"Of course it isn't to you. It's only an
incident. Tomorrow
night you'll be telling your friends
what an uncomfortable trip you had.
The people on the boat were so uncom-
fortable. But there was one very nice
little man who brought you news-
papers and fruit and magazines at the
landings."
"You flatter yourself. I'm afraid,"
laughed the girl.
"Yes, I suppose I'm an idiot to even
hope that you would remember me the
distance of the stage plank. But you
won't laugh."
Away from somewhere in the depths
of the boat came the voices of roust-
abouts singing a wild negro melody.
The pilot house with its lonely occu-
pant—the great smokestacks showing
dark against the summer sky; the regu-
lar chug-chug of the big wheels—all
the familiar things that had been so
great a part of their lives for the past
ten days now only reminded him again
of the parting of their ways. He told
himself that he had known just how it
would be from the start.
Confound it all! Why didn't he bolt
and go by rail, instead of staying to
have his feelings trampled upon by
heartless girls? He would have been
far safer in the smoking-room of the
limited.
"Do you know,"—the low, musical
voice of the girl had roused him from
his reverie—"I think it is almost bet-
ter not to make new friends, if one has
to give them up at the very start."
The man's heart began to thump, and

something seemed to be the matter with
his head.

"Now, there is Mrs. Templeton"—the
man ground his teeth—"she has been
lovely to me, and I'm sure we could al-
ways be the best of friends. She has
told me all about her mother, and her
brother in the navy. Her mother must
be charming."
"To say nothing of the brother," men-
tally added the man.
"And now she—I mean her husband
—has been ordered to Venezuela. She
got the telegram to-day; and I know I'll
never see her again."
"Poor little girl! You have your trou-
bles, don't you?"
"Too!"
"Yes—too. You know I'm so sorry to
part with that gentle barrier, and the
engineer, and the pilot."
"You needn't make fun of me! I am
fond of Mrs. Templeton."
"Don't you, companion and all, I
suppose."
"But she doesn't paint."
"Paint? Who said she painted?"
"If you're going to be married again to-
night, I'm going. Last night you pre-
tended to think that I flirted with the
boy who came out at Cairo. Just because
I wasn't rich enough not to read that
crazy book he lent me."
"Please, please don't go." The man
put his hand on the arm of the girl as
if to detain her. "If you'll stay, I'll try
to settle my grief about the barrier.
Won't you let me tell you about—about
my brother, for instance?"
The girl looked away toward the Ken-
tucky hills. After awhile she leaned
over and clasped her hands on the
guard-rail. Then she looked up into his
face and her voice was almost a whisper.



"THIS IS THE LAST NIGHT, YOU KNOW,"
said the girl. "If you don't come, I'd rather you
would tell me about yourself."

"Templeton is this the way you por-
tray your victims?" He laughed. "Is
that what you said to the little boy from
Cairo?" Then his voice was lower.
"I've been trying for a week not to tell
you about myself. I've tried to make
myself think that I didn't care—since
you didn't. But I could talk with you
day after day, and sit here at night un-
der the stars and hear your voice; that
I would be able to smile and say 'good-
bye' when the time came, and that the
parting would be only the shadow of an
hour. But I can't forget. Can't you see
—can't you feel how impossible it is?"
The girl was not laughing now.
"But—how can you stay here?"
She looked down, and the blue eyes were
looking down into his earnest, troubled
face.
"Will you let me remember? And to-
morrow will be only the beginning."
He was standing very close to her
now, but the blue eyes had dropped
their gaze. He took back her hands in
his strong clasp.
"Don't," she said. "The girl is look-
ing."
"I don't care if the whole packed
company looks. I love you."
And the boat rolled on up the river
with her cargo of sugar and molasses
and sweltering humanity.
But the man and the girl forgot the
heat and the mosquitoes. —N. O. TIMES-
DEMOCRAT.

Dante's Belief.
The latest descendant of the poet
Dante, and the inheritor of all the re-
liefes pertaining to him, has died child-
less in Florence, and, being of an ec-
centric disposition, has left fortune and
all to an ignorant favorite, a footman
whom she had raised from the coach
to the girl's bed. Countess-Jacqueline
was married very young to a man whom
she did not love and who, happily or
unhappily, soon died. She was pos-
sessed of a large fortune in her own
right, and her husband, leaving her all
in his will, she was ranked as one of
the richest women in Italy. The man
to whom she left this was not a lover,
but, on the contrary, so foolish as to
be distrustful to one of her education
and refinement. The Alighieri family
are to contest the will on the grounds
of insanity. The relief of the author
of the "Inferno" embraces articles of
great value to the lovers of literature. —
Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Trapper's Story.
I have always been of the opinion
that owing to his keen senses the bear
is our first game animal, and should
be carefully protected by law. His de-
pendence on live stock are not worth
taking into account, and I am quite
ready to agree with an old trapper who
was sleeping soundly in his cabin one
day when an eastern man in search of
hairbreadth stories, of adventure,
knocked at his door. The door was
opened by the trapper's partner to
whom the visitor made known his er-
rand.
"Bill," said the younger man, "this
feller wants to hear some trapper es-
capes you've had from him."
The old man, rubbing his eyes, looked
the stranger over and said:
"Young man, if there's been any
narrow escapes the bear's had 'em." —
W. E. CARLIN, in Ainslee's.

FORTY-NINER'S DANCES.

Women Were Not Plenty in the Mines
and Were Invited from All
Points Within 100 Miles.

A Massachusetts woman recalls her
father's story of a ball in California 50
years ago, for which preparations were
begun some two weeks before the ap-
pointed day.
As women were not over-abundant in
the mines at that time, everything with-
in a circuit of 100 miles wearing petti-
coats was invited. The company began
to assemble soon after the noon dinner,
and by four o'clock quite a crowd had
gotten together.
The first thing in order was supper, at
which the women were all ranged on
one side of the table and the men on
the other.
It is almost impossible to describe the
dress of the ladies, but suffice to say,
everyone of them had on some sort of
a garment; and, to give to their com-
plexions a delicacy which "circum-
stances beyond their control" had de-
nied them, a free use of flour was re-
sorted to, but it was so bunglingly and
injudiciously put on that the effect was
far from pleasing to the eye of a man of
taste.

The women generally wore shoes of
some kind, but stockings were of no ac-
count to them.
Supper over, the company repaired to
a large tent, where dancing, or what
was called such—commenced, but such
kicking and sprawling I never before in
all my life witnessed. The tent had no
floor, and not a drop of rain had fallen
for five months to moisten the earth,
and such a dust as was raised can bet-
ter be imagined than described.
The night was a very warm one, and
this, together with the almost super-
human exertion of the ladies to excel
in jumping, kicking and whirling, of
course caused their perspiration to flow
freely, running down their faces in
streams, washing out great gullies in
the flour which were soon filled up with
the flying dust; but this was of no sort
of consequence to them so long as they
were having a good time.

The captain, my companion, desiring
to make a favorable impression on one
of the fair daughters of Missouri, who
was to be at the ball the following morn-
ing, present were border Missourians),
figured himself up in his very best, and
we started off early in the morning and
rode a distance of 50 miles on horseback.
The captain's wardrobe, all told, con-
sisted of an old straw hat, a blue flun-
nel shirt, very much the worse for wear,
a pair of pantaloons minus a "seam," and
only part of one leg, and a pair of boots.
The absence of a whole leg to his pants
was easily gotten over by putting what
remained of that one, and the other, in-
stead of the legs of his boots, but the other
difficultly puzzled him not a little.

After devising various ways, an idea
struck him which he speedily carried
into execution, and that was to wear
his blue shirt outside.
The cape was short and the shirt hap-
pened to be very long, so that it would
have mattered very little if he had left
what he had of his pants at home, ex-
cept the liability of his having been
mistaken for one of the ladies.
In this torgery he was the subject of
all observers, though his costume
favorably compared with that of some
of the others present. Not a man wore
a coat and a majority had not feet.
Finding a strong competitor for the
affections of his innumerate in a man
present, who had a white shirt—white
shirts then in the mines, for this was in
1849, were considered a luxury not to
be indulged in by any except distin-
guished persons—the captain, "more in
grief than in anger," insisted on leav-
ing at an early hour, and thus ended
our first ball in California.—Boston
Globe.

EGYPTIAN ELECTRIC FISH.

Several Species Found in the Nile
That Give a Considerable
Shock.

An interesting fish that inhabits the
waters of the Nile is the malapterurus
electricus, which is considered about
the best species of electrical fish, for,
unlike the gymnotus and torpedo, its
electric organs do not affect its motion.
In a paper recently presented to the
Royal Institution at London, the theory
is advanced by Prof. Gorsch that the
seat of the electro-motive force is the
nerve center itself, and not the collec-
tion of plates which have hitherto been
considered the electric organ of the
fish. These plates number about 2,500-
600, and consist of a modified muscular
substance separated by an albuminous
composition, while each is connected by
a single nerve fiber to the nerve center.
A measurement of the electro-motive
force of the cells by an empillary elec-
trometer revealed the fact that the electro-
motive force was of the same order
as that produced by the contraction of
a muscle, and amounted to about .04
or .05 volt. Between the excitation of
the nerve and the maximum electro-
motive force there is a time-lag of about
1-1000 of a second, and an oscillatory
electro-motive force is generated by a
single momentary excitation of the
nerve. At the lecture before the Royal
Institution already referred to the elec-
tric current from two of these live
electric fishes was shown with a tele-
phone, and also shunts given to many
of the audience. Some of these fishes
were procured by the Senff expedition
of Columbia university while at the Nile
last summer, and are exhibited in the
museum of the department of zoology
of that institution.—Boston Transcript.

A Patient's Story.
Lady of the House—I should think a
big, strong fellow like you would rather
work than go around begging.
Sloppy Sim—I would if it wasn't for
one thing.
"What's that?"
"I ain't got no family meself, and I'm
afraid if I went to work I might crowd
out some poor chap who has little ones
to support."—Chicago Evening News.

PARROT'S REVENGE.

He Sought to Make the Chickens Call
Him "Uncle" and Fixed
Them.

The parrot's home had been changed
Since then it had been sour and gloomy.
Hardly had it spoken a word, and when
it did, the words it used were short and
snappish, which plainly showed its an-
ger. When fed it would walk to the
furthest corner of the cage and yell:
"Get out, you rascal!"

One day the new owner, trying to get
on friendly terms with it, went up to
the cage, and, in a soothing tone,
said:

"Does poor Polly want a cracker?"

At this the parrot glanced at him as if
saying: "Who are you?" and then
walked to the further side of the cage.

"Now, why doesn't poor Polly talk to
me?" he said.

Still the parrot was silent.

"Polly," he begged, "if you will just
call me uncle, I will not ask you to say
anything else!"

But nothing he could say had any ef-
fect on Polly.

"Polly, say, call me uncle, or you will
be sorry!" said the owner, rather an-
grily.

The parrot remained as sullen as ever.
In no way could he get it to talk.

"Well, Polly, when I come home to-
night the best thing for you to do is to
call me uncle!" he said, as he left the
house.

That night when he came back Polly
was as silent as ever. There it sat on its
perch, with as haughty a look as any
parrot could put on. From its looks it
would never speak again. The owner
thought otherwise. Going to the cage
he said, in a commanding voice: "Pol-
ly, you rascal, call me uncle, or I'll fix
you!"

But the parrot still held its peace.

"One more chance, Polly; if you don't
call me uncle I will fasten you in the
chicken house to-night!" he said, as he
started to pick up the cage.

But the parrot said never a word.

The owner was mad. Taking the cage
in one hand and a lamp in the other he
made his way to the chicken house,
where he dumped Polly on the ground.
Carefully fastening the door he went
back to the house, chuckling to himself
and thinking how glad Polly would be
to call him uncle in the morning.

When morning came the owner, anx-
ious to see how the punishment had
worked on Polly, started to the chicken
house. As he came near he heard loud
talking on the inside. It was the parrot.

"Ah, I knew that was the scheme to
make him talk," smiled the owner to
himself. He quietly opened the door.
Behold, the sight that met his eyes!
Every hen was lying dead on the
ground, the old rooster was backed up
in the corner, and the parrot was walk-
ing to and fro in front of him, saying:
"Call me uncle, you rascal, or I'll fix
you!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Pretty Evening Dresses for Young
Ladies—Parasols, Capes, Etc.,
for Summer.

The finish of sleeves at the wrists is a
point in fashion very carefully consid-
ered this season. There are points and
scallops out on the sleeves and falling
over the hand, and little circular frills
set in, and the facing of these is quite
as important as the trimming out-
side, if not more so. White satin is the
prevailing fabric, and this is covered
with cream lace or black chantilly, or
trimmed with little frills of lace or
chiffon.

Pretty evening dresses for young
girls are made of cream net over taffeta
silk, and trimmed from waist to hem
with frills of white satin ribbon.

Belts for the neck are not really nov-
elties, but they have blossomed out in
new and varied designs for the summer
girl. The latest is a sort of dog collar
in silver or gold arranged in medallions
with chains between, or made in a solid
band set with jewels. These are worn
over a band of colored ribbon, with a
belt for the waist to match.

A parasol which matches the color in
your hat is the chic thing to have this
season.

A pretty summer cape is made with
two accordion plaited ruffles of white
chiffon striped with black satin on the
edge. The plaitings are finished with
a tiny ruche of chiffon, and a ruche of
chiffon with long scarf ends completes
this dainty wrap made on a white taf-
feta silk foundation.

The new mode silks interwoven with
floral designs are as soft and pliable as
oriental satin.

Velvet cord neck chains strung with
coral beads are one of the season's nov-
elties.

A few yards of tulle, more yards of
fine wire and a bunch of flowers form a
good recipe for a fashionable toque.
Simple enough in the abstract, yet no
one but the most artistic milliner can
bring anything like success out of this
combination.

Fancy vests and waistcoats are fea-
tures of the new cloth gowns. There
are pique vests and vests of white cor-
d silk, daintily flowered and but-
toned with pearl buttons, besides the
low-cut, double-breasted waistcoat
worn over a chemise front of lace or
chiffon.—N. Y. Sun.

Canned Asparagus.

Peel some nice asparagus, cut it in
even lengths, fit it into glass jars; mix
salt and cold water, adding to each
quart of water half ounce of salt; fill the
jars with the salt water, close the jars
and boil them in a canner or boiler 20
minutes; take them out, open each jar
to let out the steam, close quickly, re-
turn them to the boiler or steamer and
cook 2½ hours longer. Then take out,
wipe off and when cold place in a cool,
dry place. If the jars are boiled in a
boiler see that they are at least two
inches under the water. — Brooklyn
Eagle.

HUMOROUS.

He—"What are you two girls talking
about?" She—"Nothing; are your ears
burning?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Zigzag—"There goes the fellow who
whistles at dinner." Perksby—"Ah! he
must be a very brave fellow. Who is
he?" Zigzag—"A locomotive driver."
—Town and Country Journal.

"It is said that a scorching heart un-
fits him for a soldier's life," remarked
Mr. Penn. "I didn't know that a scorch-
er had any heart at all," added Mr. Pitt.
—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

The doctor looked at him. "You are
a dyspeptic," he said. Then he put his
ear to the patient's heart and gravely
added: "A high liver." "Heavens!"
cried the startled patient; "taint as
high as that, is it?"—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.

"You are requiring too much of me,"
complained the prima donna. "Why,"
said her manager, "you are only sing-
ing two songs a night at a salary of \$8.00
a week." "I know, but here lately you
have been compelling me to whistle
for my salary after I have already sung
for it."—Ohio State Journal.

Young Mooncalf—"Do you know,
Miss Wasy, that—aw—that I've been
wedding a great deal recently, and I've
had a mind—aw—had a mind—
Miss Wasy—"Never mind repeat-
ing it, Mr. Mooncalf; it's far above the
popular estimate, but I'll concede you
that much."—Richmond Dispatch.

Manager—"Does it take you an hour
to go around the corner, sir?" Office
Boy—"Please, sir, a man dropped a half
a dollar in the gutter." Manager—"And
it took you all this time to get it out?"
Office Boy—"Please, sir, I had to wait
till the man had gone away." The man-
ager concluded the lad was, if anything,
too sharp.—Stray Stories.

A Little Too Previous.—Chairman (at
concert)—"Ladies and gentlemen, Miss
Discordant will now sing 'Only Once
More.'" Sarcastic Critic—"Thank
heaven for that!" Ladies and gentle-
men, instead of singing 'Only Once
More,' Miss Discordant will sing 'For-
ever and Ever.'" Collapse of S. C.—
Answers.

YOUNG BALLOONISTS.

Prof. King, the Noted Aeronaut, Says
He Would Rather Have Boys
Than Men.

There is probably no more exciting
sport than ballooning, and there is
probably no one person who knows
more about this kind of sky travel than
Prof. King, a well-known aeronaut,
who has made nearly four hundred as-
censions. Prof. King, of course, looks
upon ballooning not as a sport, but as
a science. A reporter was talking to
him the other day and asked him if he
had ever taken any young folks on any
of his trips.

"Yes, I have," replied the professor.
"and I can tell you that they have lots
more nerve than many grown people.
Another thing. It has always been my
experience that women have lots more
genuine nerve and grit than men. I re-
member in one of my western trips a
young fellow about fourteen years old
berged me to let him go in the balloon.

I tried my best to scare him out of it,
but he wouldn't scare, and finally ob-
tained his father's consent. We struck
a pretty stiff storm that time, but there
was never a time when my young com-
panion lost his head, and he learned
more about ballooning in one trip than
many would learn in twenty.

"While I was out at the world's fair
there was a young girl who used to sell
catalogues who was very anxious to
make an ascension. We started from
the park about four o'clock in the after-
noon, and shortly after rising caught a
current that carried us many miles over
Lake Michigan. I thought I would try
and find out what kind of material I
had with me, and I said a good many
things that would have scared most
men, and asked her if she could swim,
but she not only refused to be scared,
but speculated on our probability of
crossing the lake.

"A revenue cutter was sent out after
us, but of course we knew nothing of
that. Just about dark we caught a re-
turn current that took us sailing back
toward shore. While we were still
about three miles from shore the re-
venue cutter sighted us with a night
glass and sent the captain's yawl after
us. The man in command of the yawl
caught hold of our drag rope and we
towed the whole boat land into shore.
Then I asked the young lady if she did
not want to get out, but she said 'No,'
and so we landed several miles inland
without any trouble. One thing sure,
you can depend upon it that young
folks who have nerve, have got all
kinds; at least I have always found it
so, and I would much rather have them
in a balloon than any others."—Cinci-
nati Enquirer.

Victoria's Finger Rings.

There are three rings which Queen
Victoria never by any chance removes
from her hand, and it is superfluous to
add that they are closely connected
with her courtship and marriage. One
is the little enamel ring set with a
single diamond, given to her when
quite a child by Prince Albert; another
is her betrothal ring, a beautiful
snake of emeralds, and the third is a
plain narrow band—her wedding ring.
—N. Y. World.

Sultan's Doctors.

The sultan has developed a great ad-
miration for German doctors since the
visit of the kaiser. He declares that
they are incomparable; he has dis-
missed his French physicians and re-
placed them by Germans.—Cincinnati
Enquirer.

Superiority of Women.

Alice—Men are so slow! It took him
nearly two hours to propose to me last
night.

Maud—How long did it take you to
accept him, dear?

"Just two seconds!"—Tit-Bits.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The Central Presbyterian church of
New York gave last year \$26,011 for
missions.

The London Tract society has carried
on work in all parts of the world and in
no less than 229 languages, dialects and
characters.

The Mission to Lepers in India and
the East has under its charge at present
in its own homes, adults and children,
1,458 lepers.

India is considered to be a heathen
country, yet Calcutta is said to have the
largest number of college students of
any city in the world.

A petition bearing the signatures of
over 16,000 persons has been received
by D. L. Moody from Australia, asking
him to hold revival services in that
country.

The recent Christian Endeavor con-
vention in Jamaica was held in a court-
house where 75 years ago a number of
Baptist ministers were tried and found
guilty of preaching to slaves without
license.

The white Catholic population of New
Zealand is reported to be nearly 100,000,
with 240 churches, 143 priests, two col-
leges for boys and 21 boarding schools
for girls, and 98 preparatory schools,
attended by 11,361 pupils.

During March, this year, 27 libraries,
1,231 slides, 407 photographs and 14
pictures were loaned by the board of
regents of the state to schools, study
clubs and public libraries and to com-
munities without library facilities.

Contrary to the general belief, Ox-
ford has more representatives on the
English bench than Cambridge. Of the
40 judges of the high courts of justice
14 are graduates of Oxford, nine of
Cambridge, four of Trinity college,
Dublin, five of London, three of Scotch
universities and six are not college
men. So says the Saturday Review.

BOND IN CONVERSATION.

Two Wearers of Eyeglasses Never
Need Be Without a Sub-
ject.

He is one of those enthusiastic men
whose hobby is his friends. His chief
aim in life seems to be getting those he
most admires together in his home or
at the club, and then leaves them to get
acquainted while he writes a letter or
attends to some equally unimportant
piece of business.

Not long ago he caused to become
acquainted a man whose one desire is
to thoroughly understand agriculture,
and a broad minded, free thinking law-
yer, who cares no more about why
things grow than a goldfish does for a
mouse. They are both intelligent, but
the only thing similar about them is
that they both wear glasses.

"Mr. Jones, this is Mr. Brown. Now,
if you will excuse me, I'll write a let-
ter," said mine host in his usual way,
as he withdrew.

They both lighted cigars, and the
lawyer began a story of the day, but the
agriculturist merely smiled a faint, far-
away smile. The lawyer talked of a
difficult case he had just won, and of
numerous well-known cases over the
country, but called forth no answering
remarks from his companion. He dis-
coursed at length upon the virtues and
all the latest music and gossip, but to
no avail. He narrated on the virtues
and failing of past and modern litera-
ture, religion, art, science, the Aus-
tralian ballot system and national pol-
itics. His companion listened, but said
nothing, showing he was not interested.
In despair, the lawyer commenced a
discourse on the meteoric showers,
when he noticed the agriculturist re-
move his spectacles and wipe them on
the corner of his handkerchief. A bright
idea came to him.

"I see you wear spectacles," he said.
"It is said there is a vast difference in
results of wearing nose glasses and
spectacles. I suppose you have worn
both? Can you tell me what it is?"

The agriculturist had, could and did.
He talked on what was the matter with
his eyes, what he did for them, how cer-
tain lights and things affected them,
what sort of prisms to wear, who is the
best oculist, and listened attentively
and eagerly to like remarks from the
lawyer. When mine host returned,
they were still discussing the subject
and were apparently the best of friends,
which goes to prove that, no matter
how far apart you are, a man or a wo-
man, if you wear glasses there is al-
ways a bond of fellowship and interest
between you, and an open sesame to
conversation. Try it some day and see.
—Florida Times-Union.